

## SHIELDING AN "L" SWITCHMAN.

Responsibility for the Disaster in Brooklyn Still Unplaced.

### TWO MEN ARRESTED.

But a Third, Who Was on Duty, Has Not Yet Been Apprehended.

### COMPANY OFFICERS SECRETIVE.

An Investigation Behind Closed Doors, but No Information for the Police or Public About the Accident.

Whose hand pulled the lever that wrecked that Brooklyn Elevated Railroad train on Thursday night?

The Brooklyn policemen and detectives have been unable to solve the mystery. Railroad officials know the name of the switchman, but they refuse to reveal it. That particular switchman is still missing, he having disappeared immediately after the accident that precipitated engine No. 74, its tender and the smoking car of that uptown train into the roadway at Bradford and Fulton streets.

But there have been two arrests. One prisoner is Malachi Baumann, the other John Rogers, one is thirty-four, the other twenty-four years old. Rogers lives at No. 81 Third avenue, Long Island City; Baumann at No. 141 Glenhurst avenue, Brooklyn. They are switchmen and are employed on the road between Alabama avenue and Van Siclen avenue stations. So was another man, and he is supposed to be James Murray, who had been in the employ of the company only eight days. He is the missing third switchman. It was his hand that may have pulled the switch lever and caused Engineer Thomas Gaffney to die in horrible agony, inflicted such scalps upon Fireman George Thomas that he will be disgraced for life, and bruised and maimed eight other persons.

**Found Hiding in the Roundhouse.** Rogers and Baumann were arrested on a charge of homicide. They, too, had mysteriously absented themselves after the smash-up, but they were found hiding in the roundhouse at Manhattan Crossing, where they had taken refuge. Detectives Garvey and Harris quote them as saying that they alone are responsible for leaving the switch open immediately before engine No. 67 moved on to the main track, where it struck and butted off engine No. 74.

According to this alleged confession, spontaneously and unexpectedly made, they had opened the switch to permit the engine which pulled the train of cars that was subsequently attached to No. 67 to pass through. After that it anything was done to the switch they say they know nothing of it.

Unusual and peculiar attempts have been made to screen the supposed switchmen, although it is known that a warrant for the arrest of a man of that name has been secured by Detective Garvey. Judge Kramer signed the warrant, which was issued yesterday afternoon.

Superintendent I. D. Barton, of the road, began an investigation into the accident in the company's office on Washington street, about noon. Of course, the inquiry was conducted in secret, and at the close of the hearing he announced that he had no information to impart and would have none until the responsibility for the accident had been fixed to a certainty.

Loss to the company, however, he admitted, would probably reach \$8,000, and perhaps \$10,000. The lips of every man who might, could or would say anything were being meticulously sealed by his orders.

One of the switchmen, it is believed, pulled the fatal lever, and in doing so used the usual amount of strength. Snow and ice, perhaps, partly filled the frog so that he could not get it down enough, and was easily displaced by the flange of the forward outside wheel of No. 67, thus making the collision an inevitable consequence of this seemingly criminal carelessness.

**Was the Switch Defective?** After Superintendent Barton's investigation it developed that Baumann testified at the hearing of witnesses that in his opinion the switch was defective, and for that reason could not be operated by the lever.

Yardman Doyle gave similar testimony, although he was not at or near the spot where the train went down. Other testimony was given, by whom it was not disclosed, but it is understood that the missing switchman was on the stand. At any rate an old man answering to his description left the company's office after his hearing had been concluded. The inquiry will be resumed to-day, and then the coroner and the grand jury will take an active hand in the matter.

Superintendent Barton's excuse for not having axes and other wrecking implements in the cars, as is required by law, was original. "Other elevated railroad companies have not done this as yet, and they have not been compelled to do so. Why should we be expected to go to the expense of the innovation?" His refusal to give information to the police to aid them in their work was submitted to District Attorney Backus, and he will acquaint the grand jury with the facts.

Fireman George Thomas, who was pinned under the debris of engine No. 74, is still in St. Mary's Hospital, with his face and limbs swathed in bandages that partly conceal the frightful scalps that he received.

Fireman Herman Heath, of No. 67, was under the surgeon's knife in St. John's

Hospital yesterday. His left leg, which was so terribly crushed, was amputated just above the knee. This was the second amputation, as the injured member had been cut off below the knee on the scene of the accident by an ambulance surgeon from St. John's. All of the others who were injured are doing well.

**Ambulance Men Wrangled.** "While the poor fellow lay on the ground in the snow," said George W. Palmer, of the Twenty-sixth Ward Bank, "a wrangle occurred between the surgeons and ambulance drivers. The owners of one stretchers claimed the patient, while the ambulance driver whose surgeon had used the knife insisted that the patient belonged to St. John's, and not to St. Mary's. In the meantime the fireman was in danger of freezing to death, for the weather was very cold."

Dr. C. A. Phillips, of St. Mary's Hospital, however, says this statement has no foundation, in fact. So do the officials of St. John's.

Heath says that only a few moments before the fatal crash he helped to clean out the frog at the switch, and that it was free from snow and ice.

"The signal light," he added, "which is of the semaphore type, was turned on white before our engine started. It was not half green and half white, as it should have been when the switch is turned from the centre track to the one leading uptown."

Sergeant William Early, of the Liberty avenue police, lived on Third street. "It was my night off," he said, yesterday, "and I was at home. I heard the crash and went to the scene. Suddenly I saw that the heater in the smoker had been tilted, so that the burning coals were falling on the floor, and that the injured were in danger of being roasted to death. I secured the help of some men, and we succeeded in dragging the heater out of the ruins and extinguishing the flames, which had already started in the splintered woodwork."

Before daylight yesterday all of the ruins had been cleared away, and the track repaired.

### WOMAN CORNERS THIEF.

Saw Him at Work, Tiptoeed Out of the House and Returned with a Policeman.

If Mrs. Eliza Hecker, of No. 267 Palisade avenue, Jersey City, was an ordinary woman she would have promptly fainted yesterday afternoon when she discovered a sneak thief in her apartments. But as she isn't, the latter, Frank G. Lambert, thirty-two years old, of No. 213 Bowers, New York, is now locked up in the Sixth Precinct Station House, on Webster avenue. Shortly after 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon Mrs. Hecker had occasion to go to a grocery store near her home. She was absent only a few minutes. Her apartments are on the second floor of the house. As she hurried upstairs she was surprised to find that some one had forced the door. Mrs. Hecker quietly entered her apartment.

She saw a man busily engaged in rifling the drawers of a bureau in one of the rooms.

Mrs. Hecker quietly tiptoed from the room and downstairs to the street. She found Policeman Hillier, of the Sixth Precinct, and he returned to the house with her. The thief was still in Mrs. Hecker's apartments. He was surprised at the entrance of the policeman, but made no resistance.

At the station house he gave his name and address. He had secured nothing but \$1 from a pocketbook of Mrs. Hecker. The money was found on him.

### SHOT A MONSTER EAGLE.

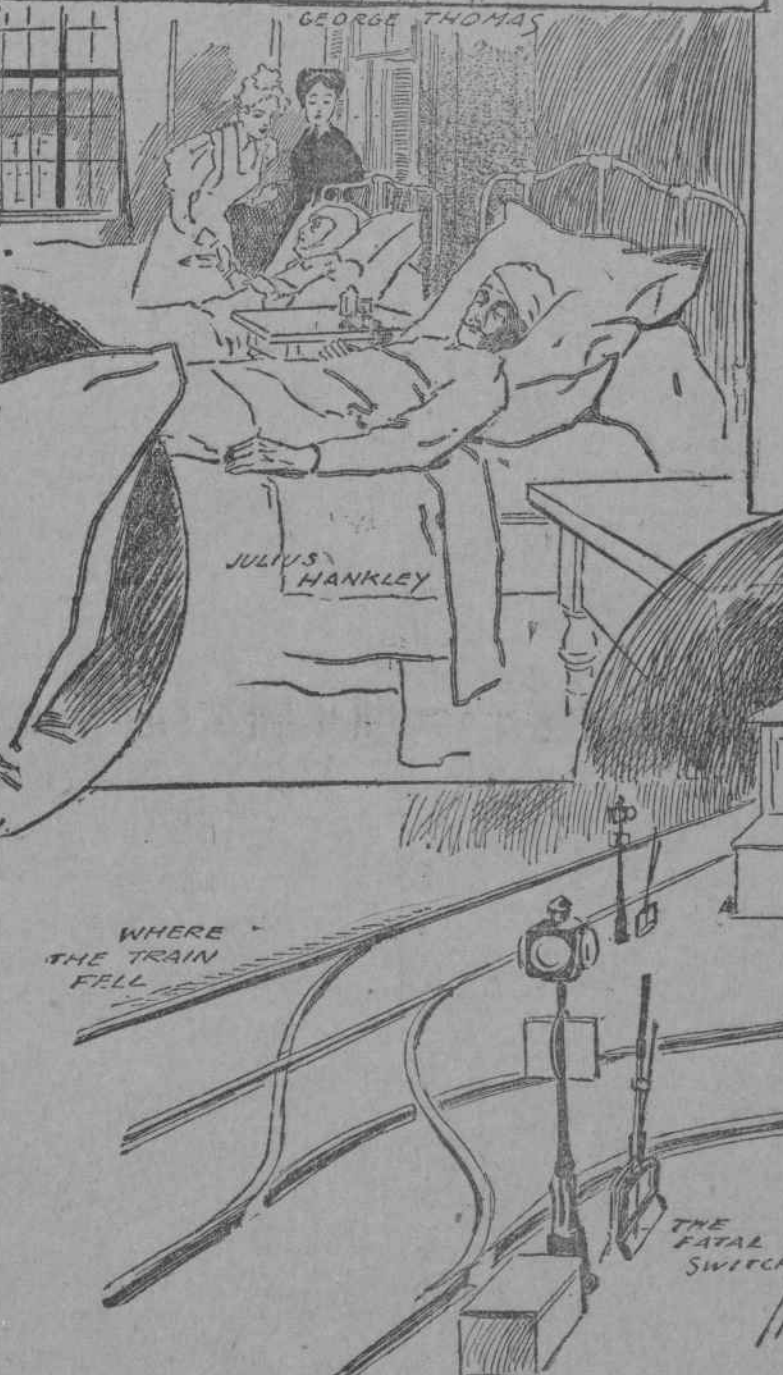
When Wounded the Bird Made for Reilly, but He Brought It Down with a Second Shot.

Had not Thomas Reilly, a young man who tends bar for his father, been a crack shot with his revolver he would probably have had a hard tussle with an American eagle measuring nine feet from tip to tip of its wings yesterday.

Reilly was in front of his father's ale house, near the shore at Whitestone, L. I., when the huge bird hovered in sight. Thinking it was a large gull the young man pulled his revolver and fired. The bird soared about, circled and made a swoop for the man. Reilly stood himself and fired again. His aim was true, and the bird flapped wildly and fell dead at his feet. Reilly picked it up and carried it into the saloon. He will have it stuffed and placed behind the bar. He is proud of his prize.

### Printers Oppose Biennial Sessions.

Trenton, N. J., Jan. 29.—The convention of Federation Allied Printing Trade of New Jersey to-day adopted resolutions protesting against the proposed amendment to the State Constitution providing for biennial sessions of the Legislature, on the ground that they would be oppressive to their craft as workers and coworkers and clearly against public policy. They also resolved to call upon subordinate unions of the State to strenuously oppose such legislation by resolutions, committees and newspaper articles.



**MISSING SWITCHMAN AND VICTIMS OF THE BROOKLYN "L" DISASTER.**

The Brooklyn police are searching for John Munoy, who was on duty when the engine and smoking car were derailed and thrown into the street from the elevated railroad. Officers of the road have begun a secret investigation of the accident, but they have refused to aid the police in any way in finding the employee who is supposed to be to blame for the disaster. Doctors amputated the leg of one of the injured firemen a second time yesterday. The Kings County Grand Jury and Coroner will begin an investigation into the whole matter at once.

### TROLLEY MUST PAY HALF.

Clash Between Contractors for Removing Snow Results in Brooklyn Saving Six Thousand Dollars.

Because of a clash between two opposing combinations of Brooklyn contractors the contracts for the removing of the snow from the principal streets of that city were not awarded until late last night, and incidentally the officials were forced into a compromise by which the city saves over \$6,000. This amount of the expense will be borne by the railroad companies operating on the streets that are cleaned.

It was the intention of the City Works Commissioner to give out the contracts on Thursday, and he estimated that it would cost about \$12,000 to clean the principal streets. He therefore solicited bids from several of the favored contractors of the city, and they were sent in early Thursday afternoon.

Among those who sent in bids were Daniel Doody, Charles Butcher, John Tucker and others. When the news that these men were submitting bids got out Morris F. Hickey, John Bray, James O'Brien, Cody Brothers, William Kenny and several others sent in lower bids.

Mayor Wurstler then declared he would not sanction the use of more than \$3,000 to clean the streets. Commissioner Willis therefore rejected all the bids.

Yesterday morning Mayor Wurstler and Commissioner Willis held a conference on the snow question. As a result the presidents of the different railroads were called on and they were made to come to an agreement whereby they will pay 50 per cent of the cost of the work of removing the snow. New bids were put in and the work is now under way.

**Israel A. Condit, of Orange, Dead.** Israel A. Condit, a life-long resident of Essex County, died yesterday at his home in Milburn, N. J., where he was born ninety-two years ago.

Some years ago he was a prosperous and wealthy paper manufacturer, and at one time he was an extensive hat manufacturer in Orange, and also a director in the Orange National Bank.



ENGINEER JOHN GAFFNEY

## SIMIAN PARAGONS SOLD INTO SLAVERY.

Seventeen of Them and a Fretful Porcupine at Auction.

### WEBER BUYS A GENIUS.

Wants It for His Nephew, Who Likes to Play with Hairy and Frisky Things.

### ONE MONKEY IN A HOT EMBRACE.

Seized a Stovepipe and Had to Be Torn Away—Mr. Hickey's Interesting Anthropological Afternoon.

It was a great auction, an auction in a way of seventeen monkeys from over the brine: Of seventeen monkeys and one porcupine. No more will they flit round the coconut tree.

In the crocodile bowers 'way over the sea, Or hang by their caudals and dream fancy free.

Rumpetty, tum, tum, tum.

Full soon will they sit on the organ and smile At the grinder whose tune is the rasp of a file.

Or climb to the cornice to add to his pile—One monkey leaped up, as he thought, on a palm— 'Twas a stove-pipe red-hot, and he wasn't so calm.

When he scented his hide as an odorous balm.

Rumpetty, tum, tum, tum.

Now, a second-hand dealer in prime porcupines Knows the worth of a monkey, side-whiskered, who whines For the grove where the pile of the coconut shines.

And the second-hand dealer, he up and he sits, And for all the blue monkeys and porcupine bids, Till he gathered them unto himself, so he did.

Rumpetty, tum, tum, tum.

Oh, it's now in the second-hand monkey bazar The simians dream of the tropics afar, While they dance to the manager's fragile guitar.

And the lone porcupine turns the merry flip-flap; Though a second-hand beast, still he cares not a rap, While he feeds on the peanut and lush ginger snap.

Rumpetty, tum, tum, tum.

Through the monkey pavilion the cockatoo wings Where the porcupine joy from the ginger snap wrings.

And by his gaunt caudal the simian swings, The auction is over, the monkeys are sold, And the second-hand porcupine's not in the cold.

While the dealer we trust is prostrated with gold.

Rumpetty, tum, tum, tum.

**R. K. MUNKITTRICK.**

A gentleman flying the name of Weber was one of a crowd that packed the little wild and tame animal emporium of Donald Burns, No. 188 South street, yesterday morning. The occasion was the auction sale of a lot of animals seized for duty from the vessel Mogul in this port on January 11, consisting of seventeen assorted monkeys and an Indian porcupine wearing quills that looked like the protuberances on a stage thunder machine. The auctioneer was C. J. Hickey, a linguistic gymnast with a superficial knowledge of natural history and a profound insight into human nature, evidenced by the fact that he secured higher prices for the monkeys than Donald Burns ever heard of at this time of the year.

The first simian chattel put up was a gaunt animal with all the physical characteristics of a dime museum skeleton.

Mr. Weber gets into the story in connection with this monkey, which was described by Mr. Hickey as an animal full of the milk of human kindness and playful tricks; able to read, write, cipher, play phoebic, tell fortunes, and forecast successful policy gigs with unerring accuracy.

Somebody started the bidding by offering \$5. This filled Mr. Hickey with poignant sorrow. Mr. Weber jumped in at this juncture, and before he got through, he bought the educated wonder for \$15.

"I intend," remarked Mr. Weber, as an attendant choked the monkey into a state of insensibility, to compel him to loosen a hold he had on Mr. Hickey's leg. "I intend to present that monkey to my nephew. I have often promised him an inexpensive playful pet. He doesn't eat much, does he, Mr. Burns?"

"Indeed, he doesn't," replied Mr. Burns. "Most frugal monkey I ever saw. He hardly ever eats more than a dollar's worth of bananas a day. Some days he eats only 60 cents' worth, but the next day he will eat a couple of dollars' worth."

After discovering that Mr. Burns purchases bananas that are extremely "gamey" for 50 cents a barrel, Mr. Weber went away, promising to call later for his purchase. It would not surprise Mr. Burns if the animal remained in his collection. If it does there is a surprise in store for the nephew.

Albert Stalder, an animal trainer, accustomed to the ravishing eloquence of Mr. Hickey to the extent of buying a few apes. He paid \$24 for a pair of Sumatra specimens which looked intelligent enough to be debarré from jury duty, and \$20 for a black fellow, the finest embryonic legislator ever imported. If Mr. Hickey tells the truth, a creature of the female gender was also purchased by Mr. Stalder, as well as one Mr. Hickey called a macaque. This latter, the auctioneer explained, is remarkable in its native wilds for its devotion to the renowned hoo-hoo bird.

"Travellers," said Mr. Hickey, "have told us that the hoo-hoo bird gives vent to the most melodious music ever heard, music that draws the savages for miles around through the jungle to listen to the entrancing strains. We are also told he continued, 'on the authority of Malachi Melign, the Scandinavian authority on rare birds and beasts, that the macaque ape writes the hoo-hoo birds' music.'"

A Mr. Alben bought a pair of small, black apes, with blue abdomens and whiskers the color of Mr. Gooddy's hair. Burns Hickey claimed that these were called Yankee apes, on account of the azure hue of their macks. One of them ceased

his entomological investigations long enough to create a sitting diversion.

While he was being transferred from his cage to a box he escaped from his attendant and jumped on a stove pipe. It took him but an instant after he wrapped his arms and legs around the pipe to flit out that he had hold of the warmest piece of furniture in the room. It was plain from the expression on his face that he desired to let go, but, with monkey-like inconsistency, he embraced the pipe closer. About this time well-bred Mr. Burns caught his tail and pulled him off the pipe. The animal repaid this kindness by trying to bite a section out of Mr. Burns' leg.

The remaining nine monkeys were bought by Donald Burns. An Elm street dealer in second-hand goods named McMahon bought the porcupine for \$20, announcing that he was going to put it in his stock of hair maces.

After the auction John Sullivan, the sailor who owned the monkeys before they were seized, stood out on South street and used language for many minutes that melted all the snow in the block.

### KLEIN SET AT LIBERTY.

District-Attorney Backus Declares, However, That He Will Try Him a Fourth Time for Arson.

Jacob Klein, the alleged frogger, was at last set free by Judge Hurd, of the County Court, Brooklyn, yesterday. He was allowed to go on his own recognizance. District-Attorney Backus did not oppose the motion for his discharge. Three times a jury has disagreed in his case.

Another of the witnesses in Klein's defence—Mayer H. Kristianopol—was yesterday arrested on an indictment for perjury. This makes two of the witnesses now charged with swearing falsely to help Klein. The other is Scheider, the secretary of the lodge, on Ridge street, New York, where Klein was said to have been the night his house in Johnson avenue, Brooklyn, was burned. District-Attorney Backus says he will try Klein for the fourth time.

Moses H. Grossman and Robert Elder, attorneys for Klein, claim that the prosecution against Klein is a personal matter, master with District-Attorney Backus and first assistant, Mr. Miles. The defendant's counsel claim that questionable methods are being used by the people to secure evidence.

Grossman and Elder will fight hard for the release of Klein and Kristianopol. The Klein witnesses. Their next move will be to ask Judge Hurd to quash the indictments against these men on the ground of insufficient evidence.

Mr. Backus said yesterday that he considered the defence of Klein to be one tissue of lies. He said that such sagacious attorneys that he thought it his duty to punish some of the witnesses.

The bail in the case of Leopold Lederer and Leonidas Washauer, under arrest in Brooklyn for arson in the first and second degrees, was reduced to \$5,000 by Judge Hurd yesterday.

The trial of Holt, Lederer and Washauer will probably come up in February, as Mr. Backus is anxious to get the frogger cases off his hands.

## THE GREAT HEALER

At Masonic Temple, Cor. 23d St. and 6th Ave.

Hall Packed to Overflowing by the Enthusiastic and Astonished Multitude.

Special Illustrated Lecture and Healing Demonstration to Ladies Only, Saturday at 2:30. Admission Free.

Unhindered by avant courier, wearing no insignia of sap or gown, Professor Damon entered our city last October, and forthwith began healing the sick and afflicted by that method known in scriptural language as the laying on of hands. That the marvellous powers of this distinguished man is of divine origin none will dispute; that the cures he performs seem to the beholder absolute miracles is readily conceded, but he tells you his work and its results are based wholly upon the law of cause and effect; that the laying on of hands with him is a scientific application of the occult, mysterious force known as vital magnetism, through which he achieves vital success that excites the public to the wildest enthusiasm. The scenes that are daily witnessed at Masonic Hall can never be forgotten; the hearty applause, mingled with shouts of wonder and delight from the audience; the heartfelt thanksgiving of the cured patients—all these ring and resound throughout the hall with an earnestness and eloquence that must be seen and felt to be appreciated. No case is rejected at the hall that admits of cure or relief, and this without fee or hope of reward. Among those cured, yesterday we cite: Mrs. Agnes Murray, of five years' deafness. Mr. Ambrose Howell, an aged rheumatic, with cures that he had needed for twenty years, walked off the stage unaided and proclaimed himself a new man. John Hard, man, unable to speak above a low, hoarse, affected, was almost instantly relieved and enabled to express himself in tones that were far-reaching and distinct. Miss Hanson of blindness, and Mrs. Roberts of catarrhal deafness after years of effort for relief. As startling cures are being performed daily by these able men at the Vitaphone Institute and Sanitarium, where all are welcome. Nothing has ever caused such excitement as have these marvellous cures which are made upon the open stage for all to witness. Already upward of fifteen hundred people have been cured, yet the rush for treatment is greater than at first.

The hall work is free, and will be continued all next week, but those who are able and willing to pay go to the Damon Sanitarium, 30 and 32 West 27th st., where every attention is given them.

Don't forget the special illustrated lecture and private demonstrations to ladies only, Saturday afternoon at 2:30. Adm. free. It will renew the vigor in your life, let us explain to you how it can be done in Nature's own way—by properly applied ELECTRICITY. This is the essence of vital force, and when infused into the body by DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT, made for 35 CENTS ONLY, it will renew the vigor in the weakened parts and restore manhood. We desire especially to see or hear from those who have not found relief from medicines and other treatment. Dr. Sanden's medical work, "The Cause of Nerve Pain," pocket edition FREE upon application—explains the marvellous success of electricity in these cases. Address DR. SANDEN, 526 BROADWAY, N. Y. Office hours, 9 to 6. Sundays, 11 to 1.

Waste of Vital Force

In men has drained the sweetness from millions of lives. It unfits men for business or pleasure and makes life loathsome to those who suffer from it. If you would be strong in mind and body; if you would throw off the fetters of wretchedness caused by the mistakes of your life, let us explain to you how it can be done in Nature's own way—by properly applied ELECTRICITY. This is the essence of vital force, and when infused into the body by DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT, made for 35 CENTS ONLY, it will renew the vigor in the weakened parts and restore manhood. We desire especially to see or hear from those who have not found relief from medicines and other treatment. Dr. Sanden's medical work, "The Cause of Nerve Pain," pocket edition FREE upon application—explains the marvellous success of electricity in these cases. Address DR. SANDEN, 526 BROADWAY, N. Y. Office hours, 9 to 6. Sundays, 11 to 1.

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## In Brilliant Colors—Fashions—In Brilliant Colors.



## THE AMERICAN WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL NEXT SUNDAY

Contains accurate fac-similes of the very latest Paris Dresses, true to the original in every detail of outline and color.

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ELLEN M. HENROTIN:

Women at the Club.



## Just Glance at These Pictures and See If You Are Correctly Dressed.